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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

THERE WAS A ROSE

There was a rose that faded where it grew;
There was a bird that could not brook the wind;
There was a sunset whose wild glory thinned
To nothing-wonder and the night's ash hue.
Pale blossoms, when they quicken, count life sped;
And there were purple asters in the fall
Of the cold year that withered by the wall
And died, with all spring's dreams about them dead.

A rose, a bird, a sunset, and a weed,
A blossom whose death sentence is its sky—
Yea, and dead waves that break on sobbing seas.
Man is a faint, frail brother, with no creed
These know not of. Behold, all things must die,
And all the vaunting ages are as these.

AN OLD MAN'S WEARINESS

I want to lie alone beside the sedges,
Where the dim-faced waters are quietly singing.
There is peace there, and a deep old happiness
That the drake knows when he is tired of winging
 The far heights, and avoiding
 The craft of the grey hunter.

I have long avoided the grey hunter Death,
And now I am weary and in much need of learning